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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Birthright of Lincoln.

BY WALTON WILLIAMS

Out of Kentucky night came [there a breeze
Fraught with the pine-land odors, and
with news
Such as might rock the thrones beyond the
seas,
Could monarch-ridden lands its text
peruse.

The laden breeze did beckon in the morn
The Spirits of the Right by men unseen,
And whispered as it sped, "A babe is born
Whose glory it will be to crown a queen."

The souls of Freedom and of Honor bright
And Justice fair did shudder this to hear,
What could they gain for the good cause
of Right
While scepters flourished o'er a world of
fear?

The pitying breeze now laughed aloud in
glee
And spoke: "The queen this new-born
babe will crown
Shall be America, entirely free,
Land of full justice and of bright re-
nown!"

"Confirming and enlarging the decrees
By which a narrow freedom was install-
ed,
He shall make grander than the dynas-
ties
A people's rule, and save a world en-
thralled!"

"For thrones must fall when all the nations
see
The glory of his doubly-rescued land;
And tell must triumph to its fair degree
When regal bayonets back not greed's
command!"

The note triumphant of a sudden dies,
The zephyr wails: "A bloody bier I see I,
America weeps o'er where Lincoln lies,
Martyr to Honor, Justice, Liberty!"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The smoking room of the trans-Atlantic liner was comfortably filled, the chill air of the evening having driven in more than its habitual occupants. Two young Englishmen, who were evidently making their first visit to our country, were smoking their pipes and sipping their accustomed "night cap" in one corner of the room. In the same corner niche, but on the opposite side of the table, sat a young American.

From his appearance one might have supposed him to be about twenty-five years of age, but it was only from appearances that we were allowed to judge of him, for every attempt to draw him into conversation had failed. His whole time had been given to books which we could easily see were on American history, especially of the period of the War of the Rebellion, and on the life of that man who must always be associated with that period—Abraham Lincoln.

To-night, in his accustomed seat, he seemed utterly wrapped up in his book and totally oblivious of all that was going on about him. We, however, who were interested in studying the characters about us, noticed that the Englishmen were evidently trying to attract his attention by raising their voices in a conversation which they seemed to think would be of interest to him. At first their efforts seemed in vain, but soon an occasional glance from the young American showed that his attention had been attracted, and noting this, one of the Englishmen turned and accosted him directly.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but we could not help seeing what you have been reading on this voyage, and, possibly because we are not Americans, you know, we could not understand the fascination which that character evidently has for you. Who and what was Abraham Lincoln anyway?"

The young man thus addressed seemed to pull himself out of the scenes in his book and to slowly come to consciousness of his surroundings. The room in our vicinity had become perfectly quiet, all attention being riveted on the encounter which the Englishmen were evidently determined to force upon the young American. We, his countrymen, felt almost sorry for this lad, for having translated his exclusiveness and retirement as evidences of youth and a mind not tempered and sharpened to open encounter, we felt he would be an easy prey to his questioners who were older and had evidently met in many previous encounters of wit.

No little surprise was therefore felt by us all when, after a moment of quiet study of his questioners and a quick glance at the faces

that had grouped around the three, we heard a low, rich voice, at first slow and quiet, later somewhat hurried with excitement, but always without the slightest hesitancy answering:

"Abraham Lincoln was an American frontiersman; the son and grandson of American frontiersmen. He was an American storekeeper. He was an American lawyer; member of his State Legislature; Congressman; acknowledged leader of his political party in Illinois; successful opponent of that polished master of debate, Stephen A. Douglas, in a series of joint debates that fastened the eyes of the whole country upon him; a master in the game of politics"—and here the words began to rush out—"who could by the deliberate loss of a Senate seat one year turn his opponent's temporary victory into a checkmate for the Presidency two years later."

"That is who he was. As to what he was, you yourself shall judge. He was the man, who, more far-seeing than any statesman of his time, dared to accept the responsibility of the Presidency of the United States in 1861. He was the man, who, as President, dared to take upon himself the responsibility of a fratricidal war. He was the man who in the darkest hour of that war alone kept his vision clear, and by almost superhuman effort, physical as well as intellectual, was able to keep together the friends of the Union."

"He was the man"—and here the speaker with his eyes fastened on those of the two Englishmen rose slowly to his feet—"who in spite of the foreign sympathy with the South from pecuniary and selfish motives, commanded at least the open respect of foreign powers. He was the man who in the greatness of his soul never for a moment harbored ill will against the seceding States and was able to reflect upon the government, even after his death, the deep sympathy of his own great nature. He was all this, all and more than I can tell you, and yet with the responsibility of the greatest war of modern times upon his shoulders, and the care of a million of men, was never too busy to listen to any man, woman or child who craved his aid."

He was the man who, keenly alive to the hourly risk of assassination which he ran, shirked not one public or private duty and fearlessly and unguarded met the death his own prescience had foreseen. That, gentlemen, is what Abraham Lincoln was. Have I answered your question so that you can appreciate why we Americans love and honor him as the 'Preserver of the Union'?"

The lad stopped. A small red spot burned in each cheek and his keen eyes were fastened on his two interlocutors. By this time every one in the room had moved up to hear the almost impassioned answer of the young American. He, however, seemed utterly oblivious to the fact that he was the center of the quiet but intensely interested group and slowly resumed his seat. In the silence that followed one of the Englishmen, more, I fancy, in a desire to still further draw out this late found orator than from any wish to belittle the lad's hero, taking his pipe from his mouth lazily drewled out:

"But this Lincoln was a country boor, was he not; ignorant, unlearned—"

"Yes," broke in the American, "Abraham Lincoln was what you might call a country boor—I said he was a frontiersman. Of unusual height, gaunt, ungainly, a face deep lined, with clothes that hung on rather than fitted him, but—My God," exclaimed the youth jumping to his feet, "is it a tailor's manikin we are talking about or a God-like man?"

Had you been able to look into his face you would have forgotten everything but the fact that you were in the presence of a great and masterful mind, and would have envied him his homely and ungainly figure. And 'ignorant,' did you say? Yes, if college degrees are the measure of a man's learning. But I will give you another measure. Was he ignorant of letters or human nature who could write this, and picking up one of his books he turned rapidly the pages, "Listen to the way this ungainly,

ignorant boor could appeal to that Congress which assembled just before his Emancipation Proclamation, and which he must urge and beg to uphold his hands."

"Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trail through which we must pass will light us down to honor—or dishonor—to the later generation. We, even we here, hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save—or meanly lose—the last best hope of earth. Other means may succeed, this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which if followed the world will forever applaud and God must forever bless."

"That," closing the book with a snap, "is from the pen of your ignorant boor. And from the lips of this same uneducated frontiersman we have that dedicatory address delivered on the field of Gettysburg, which in your language and mine has already taken its place as a classic. What! You do not know it? Then," snatching another book, "listen:—"

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived—can long endure. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live."

"It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add to or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain: that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, for the people, by the people, shall not perish from earth."

He finished and quietly laid down his book. "Do you wonder, gentlemen, the American youth should idolize this pioneer who has blazed a trail which any crowned head of Europe might be proud to have travelled and yet is open to any American boy who dares?"

He stopped, and becoming conscious, apparently for the first time, that he was the center of interest for the whole room, picked up his books and turning to the two Englishmen, said: "I beg your pardon, I did not know how much I was talking. You touched me on a topic in which I am deeply interested. Good night." And bowing to the two men the lad was gone.

Not a word was spoken for some seconds after his departure. Finally the elder of the two Englishmen, rising to his feet and shaking the ashes out of his pipe, drawled out: "Judge from what we have just heard, you know, I rather imagine the land which gave birth to and nourished that Abraham Lincoln will not forget how to supply any kind of a man when a true man is needed."

"Good night, gentlemen."

If we are not born with tact, all the more need for us to acquire it. There is no great mystery about it; it simply means considering the feelings of other people before our own.

He is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from every flower,
And wake his heart, in every hour,
To pleasant gratitude.
William Wordsworth.

Lincoln's Personal Appearance.

By Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War 1863-1865.

Mr. Lincoln's face was thin, and his features were large. His hair was black, his eyebrows heavy, his forehead square and well-developed. His complexion was dark and quite sallow. His smile was something most lovely. I have never seen a woman's smile that approached it in its engaging quality; nor have I ever seen another face which would light up as Mr. Lincoln's did when something touched his heart or amused him.

I have heard it said that he was ungainly, that his step was awkward. He never impressed me as being awkward. In the first place, there was such a charm and beauty about his expression, such good humor and friendly spirit looking from his eye, that when you were near him, you never thought whether he was awkward or graceful; you thought of nothing except, What a kindly character this man has! Then, too, there was such shrewdness in his kindly features that one did not care to criticize him. His manner was always dignified, and even if he had done an awkward thing the dignity of his character and manner would have made it seem graceful and becoming.

The great quality of his appearance was benevolence and benignity: the wish to do somebody some good if he could; and yet there was no flabby philanthropy about Abraham Lincoln. He was all solid, hard, keen intelligence, combined with goodness. Indeed, the expression of his face and of his bearing, which impressed one most, after his benevolence and benignity, was his intelligent understanding. You felt that here was a man who saw through things, who understood, and who respected him accordingly. His rugged face was full of tenderness as he spoke, and of wistfulness of a tired man for the sweets of simple living.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Lincoln's Fond Hope for a Quiet Private Life.

The afternoon of April 14th, 1865, was lovely as only Washington in April knows how to be. It was warm and bright and blossomy, and the Potomac shone in the sun like silver, the willows along its banks were like soft green plums, the lilacs in the parks were out in white and purple splendor.

That afternoon the President and Mrs. Lincoln took a drive to the Soldiers' Home. As they went over the old, familiar way to the Home, drinking in the balmy air and delighting in the gay bunting that draped dwellings and business houses and government buildings in honor of his long-prayed-for peace that was so near at hand, the big, tender whimsical man said to the little woman at his side:

"We've had four hard years, Mary—four awful hard years. And I hardly hope the four we're facing will be very easy—there seems to be a good deal of bitterness in the country—a good many persons who don't know the rules of the game when the fight's off. But when we're through here, we sha'n't be old—I'll only be sixty and ought to have some 'go' left in me. And we've saved some money—we'll save some more. Then we'll settle down in Chicago or Springfield and I'll practice law, and we'll live, quietly and cozily, to a nice green old age. Doesn't that sound good to you?"

Time Cures All Things.

In the days when Mr. Lincoln was practising law he was not overcareful of his dress. This was partly due to scarcity of funds, and it was sometimes months before he could purchase a new suit of clothes.

A friend encountered him leaving a clothing store with a new coat on. "Got a new coat, Abe?" he asked after the greetings.

"Yes," said Mr. Lincoln; "it appears so."

"But it's a little short, isn't it?" asked the friend.

"Yes, perhaps it is," said Lincoln; "but it will be long enough before I get another one."

Abraham Lincoln.

AN ACROSTIC.
Anglo-Saxon lineage, Kentuckian by birth,
Biblical and Shakespearian student of worth;
Rugged, honest and faithful, self-taught and self-made,
Admirable character, Dame Nature's high grade.
History enrolls him high in the temple of fame,
Ambassador of Freedom, and undying name,
Magnanimous but firm in Secession's mad craze,
Liberty's defender in our country's dark days.
Intrepid, wise, and strong, in peace or in war;
Nature's Nobleman always, heart sound to the core.
Calm, clear-sighted leader, great in brawn and in brain;
Orator and statesman, grand in joy or in pain,
Liberal in sentiment, generous hearted and kind,
No President has excelled him in heart or in mind.

HENRY M. HALL.
PITTSBURGH, PA., February, 1916.

Just Long Enough.

Abraham Lincoln was often called upon to settle disputes, especially where a wager had been made, by his friends. Two farmers, who had driven into Springfield with a load of produce, their common property, became plunged in heated argument as to how long a man's legs should be in proportion to the upper part of his body.

They visited Lincoln in his office, and asked his opinion.

"This question," said the lawyer, "has been a source of controversy for untold ages. It has led to bloodshed in the past, and there is no reason to doubt that it will in the future. After much thought and consideration, not to say worry and mental effort, it is my opinion, all side issues being swept away, that a man's lower limbs, in order to preserve harmony of proportion, should be at least long-enough to reach from his body to the ground."

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.
He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.
James Russell Lowell.

Rev. H. R. Allabough's Appointments.

(1125 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.)

MID-WESTERN DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

Dioceeses: Pittsburgh, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indianapolis, Michigan, Western Michigan, Lexington, Kentucky.

St. Margaret's Mission—Trinity Episcopal Church, Sixth Avenue, Pittsburgh. Mr. F. A. Leitner, Lay Reader. Bible Class, 7:45 P.M., every Thursday. Services, every Sunday at 7:45 P.M.

St. Philip's Mission in the Beaver Valley, Pa. Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, Lay Reader. Services once a month, subject to notice.

All Saints' Mission—Trinity Church, cor. Third and Broad Streets, Columbus, Ohio. Rev. C. W. Charles, Deacon, and Mr. A. H. Schory, Lay Reader. Services, every Sunday at 10:30 A.M.

St. Mark's Mission, St. Paul's Cathedral, cor. 7th and Plum Streets, Cincinnati. Rev. C. W. Charles, Deacon. Services, 8:15 P.M., fourth Sunday of the month. Mr. Charles comes when Rev. Mr. Allabough goes to Columbus. The latter holds two services every other month, when he comes to Cincinnati, 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 7:30 P.M.

St. Clement's Mission, Dayton, Christ Episcopal Church, Rev. C. W. Charles, Lay Reader. Services once a month, subject to notice.

Calvary Mission, All Saints' Episcopal Church, Portsmouth, O. Mr. Wm. Cooper, Lay Reader. Services 2:30 P.M., third Sunday of the month.

Ephphatha Mission, St. John's Episcopal Church, Woodward Avenue and High Street, Detroit, Mich. Mr. H. B. Waters, Lay Reader. Bible Class, 3 P.M., every Sunday Services, every other Sunday after Bible Study.

All Saints' Mission, Christ Church Cathedral, Louisville, Ky. Mr. John H. Mueller, Lay Reader. Services and Bible Class alternately every Sunday at 2:30 P.M.

St. Agnes' Mission, Grace Episcopal Church, Bolivar Road and Prospect Avenue, Cleveland, O. Mr. Wm. F. Duran, Lay Reader. Rev. Mr. Allabough visits this Mission regularly the first Sunday of each month, unless otherwise arranged. (10:45 P.M. Holy Communion and 3 P.M.

Trinity Church, Bellare, O. Mr. C. S. Sawhill, Lay Reader. Services by special appointment.

FEBRUARY

13—Johnstown, 10 A.M. (Confirmation.)

Greenburg, 2:30 P.M.

Pittsburgh, 7:45 P.M.

18—Toledo, 7:45 P.M.

19—Pontiac, Mich., 7:45 P.M.

20—Detroit, 10:45 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 2:45 P.M.

Flint, 7:45 P.M.

21—Grand Rapids, 7:30 P.M.

22—Kalamazoo, 7:45 P.M.

23—Lansing, 7:45 P.M.

26—Marion, 7:30 P.M.

27—Columbus, 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 7:30 P.M.

School for the Deaf, Columbus, at 2:30 P.M.

28—Ohio Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf.

Obtaining Snake Serum.

EXTRACTING snake venom is a ticklish and precarious work, even for the experienced expert. It always savors not alone of danger, but death, and death from snake-bite is excruciating agony.

Venomous reptiles are divided into two great classes, those whose poison disorganizes the blood corpuscles and paralyzes the heart—the East India snakes belong to this class—and the second class, whose poison affects the nervous system and paralyzes the heart—the rattlesnake, of which there are thirteen varieties; the copperhead and the moccasin, are representatives of this class. In this country there is only one species of the East India snake, the harlequin snake, found in Florida and the gulf states. The bite of the Florida harlequin is extremely poisonous.

In India alone there are over 20,000 deaths from snake-bite in a single year. The majority of the inhabitants are of fatalistic belief, which discourages all experimentation or any benefit which might accrue thereupon.

However, there has been some research accomplished there along this line. The French have pushed the work, because of their colonists in India and China.

In the United States the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research has experimented widely with all sorts and kinds of venomous serpents, but mostly with rattlesnake, whose bite is dangerous in proportion to his size.

As far as can be ascertained, the serum treatment has been successful whenever it has been promptly resorted to. Furthermore, it has been proved that when small doses of snake poison are administered to a person, at stated intervals, that individual will eventually become immune to snake-bite. The great difficulty in the serum treatment is that to be effective the serum must be prepared from the particular species of snake which did the biting.

Another curious fact, and one not generally known, is the recurrent symptom of snakebite on or about the anniversary of a bite. The victim of a snakebite may have these recurring symptoms for ten or twelve years, and there is a case on record where the recurring symptoms lasted for twenty-five years.

To "milk" the snake, or, that is, to extract the snake's venom, from which the serum is prepared, a long rod or stick is necessary. To one end of stick a loop of leather is attached, and this loop is slipped securely over the reptile's head and firmly held. A second person holds in his hand a pair of forceps, and between the forceps is a wad of cotton at which the snake strikes. He is teased, and consequently strikes until every drop of poison is in the cotton. The cotton is then washed in glycerin until all the venom is obtained. From this mixture of venom and glycerin the serum is prepared.

Necklace of Human Fingers.

At the New National Museum there are many kinds of necklaces, and among the most curious and gruesome are three made of human fingers. Two are made almost entirely of the first joints of fingers. The third is much more pretentious. It is elaborately beaded, and hanging stiffly from the collar of the necklace are eight fingers. These are eight middle fingers cut from the left hands of hostile tribes of Indians by their Indian enemies. The bone was deftly withdrawn from the fingers, the flesh cured, and a stick, in lieu of bone, was inserted in each finger.

Appended to the necklace are four and five tiny bags. This uncouth adornment was a medicine necklace, and was once the property of the Cheyennes and Sioux Indians. Its loss was attended with great lamentation on the part of the Indians. The necklace was captured in a campaign against the Sioux and Cheyennes, 1876-77.

In the old National Museum, among the leather goods, is a pair boots made from human skin. Nothing definite can be learned concerning this unusual footgear.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. February 20, Holy Communion, 9 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 P.M. February 27, Holy Communion.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J. Every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.

FEBRUARY

13—St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 11 A.M.

St. George's Church, Newburgh, 10:30 A.M.

Gallaudet Home, 3 P.M., Holy Communion.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J.

20—Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M., Holy Communion. St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 8 P.M.

27—St. John's Church, Stamford, Ct., 9:30 A.M., Holy Communion.

Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A.M. St. George's Church, Newburgh, 3:30 P.M.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 7:30 P.M., the forty-third Anniversary Service of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 8325 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 3:00 P.M., Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Morning Prayer—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the first, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

Hamadan A Bible City

Hamadan, which the Russian Army operating in Persia has occupied, figures in Biblical as well as early Greek history. It was the ancient Ecbatana, the treasure city captured and plundered by Alexander the Great, and it appears in the Book of Esther as Shushan, where Ahasuerus, who "reigned from India even into Ethiopia," gave way to the caprices of Vashti, and was induced to relent by the attractions of Esther.

At Hamadan, pious Jews still point out the tombs of Mordecai and Esther, which stand in a wooden domed building in the center of the town. There is no doubt that the two wooden sarcophagi shown there are ancient, but considerable question of their being what tradition asserts. They bear Hebrew inscriptions, one said to be of A.D. 557 and the other 841 A.D. Near the city a large mound is pointed out as the site of the palace of Ahasuerus. A crudely carved lion, on the site, is the subject of much legend also.

Five minutes from Hamadan, in a mountain gorge, is a famous stone with inscriptions in the Persian, Median, and Babylonian languages, which seems to have been placed there by Xerxes. These inscriptions supplied the key that made it possible to decipher the cuneiform inscriptions at Nineveh. The natives believed treasure lies buried under the stone.

Some have much and some have more,
Some are rich and some are poor,
Some have little, some have less
Some have not a cent to bless
Their empty pockets, yet possess
True riches in their happiness.
John Oxenham.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAELS, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations. Will answer all calls. Address all mail to Box 96, Fort Smith, Ark.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 10, 1916.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer and necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man :
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race"

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

EDUCATION and INFORMATION.

Education is not the mere getting of information. Facts may be readily acquired by reading and research; and they may be held in store by a retentive memory. But education means more than that. The function of education is to discipline rather than to furnish the mind : to train it to the use of its own power rather than simply to fill it with knowledge accumulated by other minds.

The habit of gathering knowledge does not of itself educate a man, but rather, the spirit in which it is gathered. A man may leave the schools widely informed but uneducated, or he may be without schooling and have real education. W. D. Howells began to learn in an Ohio printing shop, and never had the advantages of academic life; but he brought to bear on years of self-instruction an interest in his fellow beings, and a love and sympathy for all the fine and inspiring things in life, which conferred on him the full degree of an educated man.

Education implies not only learning the facts of life, but the spirit to enter completely into life, to judge life discriminatingly, enjoy all that is good and beautiful in it, and to make it unceasingly interesting. It implies not only an eager searching for truth, but a love of truth.

Education, in brief, includes everything that is in the best sense formative—mentally and morally. It has fulfilled its high purpose when it has taught man to think clearly, to judge justly, and to act rightly.

The U. S. President's Mail.

The President's mail is of such proportions that he cannot, like the business man, read all his letters as a part of the morning's routine. By a carefully developed system, however, the contents of the White House mail are in substance laid before him each day.

The work of doing this falls upon a corps of confidential clerks, who open the letters and give them a first reading. Then they are carefully sorted. Many of them, of course, need not go to the President at all, as they are simply recommendations for office. These, after courteous acknowledgment, are referred to the proper departments and placed on file until they may be taken up for consideration.

Many of the President's letters are purely formal or contain requests for something which cannot be granted. These the clerks answer and the President's secretary signs. The requests for charity are so many that a special "form" has been drawn up for answering them.

Such communications as the President ought to see are carefully briefed—that is, a slip is pinned at the top of each letter, and on this is a typewritten synopsis of its contents, telling who the writer is and what he has to present. Frequently the President is sufficiently interested by the brief to cause him to read the whole letter. Sometimes the communication is referred to a cabinet officer, in which case the slip is retained at the White House and filed.

When a large number of persons write on the same subject the letters are bunched and the brief at the top gives the names of those who present one argument and in another list the persons who offer a different view.—Virginia Guide.

We ought to acquaint ourselves with the beautiful; we ought to contemplate it with rapture, and attempt to raise ourselves up to its height. And in order to gain strength for that, we must keep ourselves thoroughly unselfish—we must not make it our own, but rather seek to communicate it; indeed, to make a sacrifice of it to those who are dear and precious to us.—Goethe.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 25, 1900.President Secretary Treasurer
Jay C. Howard, A. L. Roberts, Harry D. Drake,
Minn. Kan. Washington, D. C.Vice-Presidents.
A. B. Greener, Ohio. Walter Glover, S. C.
Mrs. A. Lashbrook, N. Y. J. W. Howson, Cal.EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:
Jay C. Howard, Minnesota.
Ex-Officio ChairmanOwen G. Carroll, of Austin, Texas
Shelby W. Harris, of Jackson, Miss.
Arthur L. Roberts, of Olathe, Kansas.
Robert S. Taylor, of Mount Olive N. C.
Leo C. Williams, of San Francisco, Cal.
W. S. Root, of Seattle, Wash.
Walter G. Durian, Hartford, Ct.
John H. Keiser, New York.

IMPOSTOR BUREAU.

"What has become of the Impostor Bureau?" asked a friend the other day. "Is it dead? Why don't it brag and blow any more?"

The Impostor Bureau is as much on the job as ever. Only having temporarily fought itself out—the initial appropriation of \$35 being exhausted—it has been unable to undertake any new departures. And it is only the new things are "News." The reading public does not relish the same thing over and over. Telling all about all the arrests of impostors, all over the country, would probably fill several columns of the JOURNAL every week.

When Wright first flew a few feet in a heavier than air machine, all the newspapers in the world carried big headlines. When the brother of a deaf pupil, at Rochester, flew down the Hudson from Albany to New York, the world stood aghast at the intrepidity of Glen Curtiss. That was "News." It was out of the ordinary. Nowadays a thousand mile aeroplane flight does not attract more than a line or two in an occasional paper. It is no longer "News," it is commonplace.

That is why the N. A. D. is doing much good work one hears little of. The deaf fighters on the Impostor Bureau have been sawing wood and saying little or nothing. The good work has gone on apace. It is no longer depends for its success on the zeal and zest of a handful of educated Irishmen. The rank and file are carrying matters on most satisfactorily.

Two of Chief Howson's deputies, Doane and Fiske, are making things hot in the wealthy California winter resorts. For example, they recently put the police on the scent of a fakir who had \$40 in his pocket when arrested. Col. Emil Bloch, a former officer in the German army who has a forceful manner of talking, was assigned to investigate this Joseph Moyer, after all attempts to expose him proved fruitless.

Col. Bloch had the fakir blubbering the truth inside of ten minutes. He is now serving his 180 days (six months) in the Los Angeles City Jail for vagrancy.

Chief Mueller, of Kentucky, secured a full page write-up in the Louisville Herald of December 12th, after personally exposing and securing the conviction of a fakir in police court. The impostor work and general status of the deaf were all touched on, while cuts of the single and double banded alphabets, school buildings at Danville, and other interesting photos, were run with the articles the reporter wrote, after Chief Muller had tipped him off, a nice, interesting write-up could be made of it by "a brilliant writer like yourself." A little adroit flattery worked wonders. That is the kind of work other Bureau Chiefs and Marshals are urged to try. Give the reporters the facts and photos, explain that if you see the article when written, you can point out any mistaken ideas, and then the general public will learn more about you and your fellow-deaf in one day than in a life-time of ordinary methods.

Then there is Dr. Crouter, of Mount Airy. If you do not know he is head of the biggest and most successful oral school in the country, you ought to. He has had some differences of opinion with the N. A. D. and its leaders over methods of instruction, but I wagered that if the N. A. D. asked him for help in a matter that concerned the welfare of the deaf as a whole, he would not hesitate to give us his full support.

Did I win my wager?
We needed the co-operation of the President of a certain branch of the American Bar Association, before which our request for uniform impostor legislation was unsuccessfully brought last summer by delegate Matheis, of Salt Lake. This president, Judge Staake, lives in Philadelphia, and was reported as saying he did not think our contentions worth considering in such an august body.

In a few words I explained the matter to Superintendent Crouter, and dropped a hint the co-operation of himself and friends in convincing his fellow-townsmen would be invaluable.

What did Dr. Crouter do?
Oh, he "Did It Now!"
Dr. Crouter is a big, broad-minded man, with the interest of the deaf genuinely at heart. In my own paper, the Washingtonian, I have often lampooned his school, and I may do so in the future. But Dr.

Crouter is a gentleman, a misguided friend, and some day we deaf will be able to do him a good turn.

Yet my kind friend asks if the Impostor Bureau is idle, dead, defunct, deceased, departed, lifeless, altogether gone!

In proof of the contrary, let me give the roll of State Impostor Chiefs, and see what their names spell.

TODD
DOWNING
MERRILL
KEMP
LONG
TUCKER
GARRISON
J. D. SULLIVANWARING
McILVAIN
CLOUDMcFARLANE
A. J. SULLIVAN
BIRCK
McNEILLY
BUMGARDNERCOLE
SCHROEDER
DURIAN
HOWSON
EDDY
UNDERHILL
SMOAKSEATON
PRICE
MUELLERBAILEY
OLSON
WEST
DAVIS
BINKLEY
KEISERMCGREGOR
VINSONSTEWART
McLAUGHLIN
SEELEYJONES
CONNER
BEADELL

Are you a Fakir chaser? Are you a Nad? If not, why not? We need your help; send \$1.00 for membership to Treasurer H. Drake, Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. Do it now!

Yours,
T. FREDERICK MRAGHER,
Director.

NOTICE

TO THE GALLAUDET COLLEGE
O. W. L. S.

The following members of the National O. W. L. S. of Gallaudet College, have sent in their dues for 1916. Will those who have not sent theirs do so at once. The Treasurer will then acknowledge receipt in another publication in March.

MRS. OTA BLANKENSHIP,
Treasurer.
School for the Deaf, Omaha, Neb.Mrs. Culmer Barnes
" John Barrett
" Vernon Birk
" Ota Blankenship
" Ernest Bingham
" Mary Scott Boss
" Bird Cravens
" Lulu O. Cloud
" Anna Cook
" Anna S. Divine
" Lillian S. Drake
Miss Ethel Eaton
" Petra Fandrem
" Marion Finch
" Edith Fitzgerald
" Theresa Gaillard
" Mary Gorman
Mrs. Ethel Hall
Helen Hannan
Miss Margaret Hauberg
Mrs. Maud Holliday
Miss Stacia Kuta
" Cloa Lamson
" Bessie McGregor
" Deborah Marshall
" Minnie Morris
Mrs. Freida Meagher
Miss Helen Northrop
" Edith Nelson
Mrs. Ida Roberts
Miss Rebecca Rosenstein
" Ethel Ritchie
Mrs. Florence Rothert
Miss Slava Snyder
" Margaret Sherman
Miss Emma Seely
Mrs. Margaret Toomey
" Edith Williams
" Ethelburga Zell

Lutheran Mission

Divine services are held every Sunday, in New York City, at 3 P.M., in St. Luke's Church, on 42d Street, between Times Square and Eighth Avenue.

In Brooklyn, every Sunday at 7:30 P.M., in the Parish House of St. Mark's Church, Jefferson Street and Bushwick Avenue, near Myrtle Avenue and Broadway Station.

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor.

CALIFORNIA.

A New Year to all readers of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and a happy one may it be.

Christmas is now but a memory, but the Yuletide spirit will remain for many days, for the several interesting affairs given during the holiday week will bring happy recollections in the days to come.

The Club Anapola, on the evening of Dec. 18th, was a bower in its Yuletide decorations of pepper bough with their red berries, and long green festoons with red paper bells and balls at every short distance. There was an amusing little Christmas play with Mr. Leon A. Fisk, as the father, and Mrs. May Cool, the mother, Mr. Price and Duffy, their children, and Mr. Nolen as Santa Claus, and of course there was the usual fireplace, without which no Christmas play would have been considered complete. Notwithstanding the fact of having had only one hour of practice beforehand, the play went along without any hitch. At the close of the play, there unfolded before the club's surprised eyes a large lighted Christmas tree, whose branches were all aglitter with tinsel and snow and by it there was a diminutive Santa Claus coming out of the chimney.

"Where did it come from?" was upon everybody's fingers, for it was well known among the members that the club had made no provision for it, but no one volunteered to give any information about it, so the club had to pocket its curiosity till the cat considered it an opportune time to come out of the bag.

Santa Claus now held the center of the stage, where he was in all his glory, and he distributed pop corn balls and large stockings full of delicious candies, nuts and raisins, and also candy canes. It was then announced out that the tree, with all of its beautiful settings, was the gift of Mrs. Henrietta Lef, of Chicago. What a surprise! Rightaway all, as one person, got upon their feet to give her a rousing vote of thanks. The club appreciates her generosity very much, and more so since the tree being of the artificial kind can be used year after year without adding any more to the expenses of the club.

A better Christmas present could not have been had thought of. The red paper Christmas bells and balls which helped to make a most effective decoration for the club room were also donated by the Sonneborns, so the whole family may be well be said to have done the largest share towards making this Christmas entertainment such a success as it was. Not the least interesting occasion of the many social affairs in Los Angeles during the holiday season, was the wedding of Miss Annie Henney, of Madero, and Robert Kett, of Los Angeles, which took place at the home of the former's parents, on December 25th. It was a private wedding, and for their wedding trip they went to Fresno to visit his relatives, after which they went to Los Angeles to live, where Mr. Kett owns a lot next to his parents' home on West 80th Street, on which he plans to build a bungalow in the spring. Both the groom and bride are graduates of the Berkeley School for the Deaf. Mrs. Kett has the distinction of having been born in the Yosemite Valley, the scenic wonder of California, where her father then engaged in the livery business. After his death the family moved to Madero, where her mother set up a hotel at Lake Independence, one of the favorite summer resorts of California. Mrs. Kett glorifies in the thought that she is now a bona-fide resident of Los Angeles, and says nothing like it for it climate and, oh, so many other things.

Mrs. Chas. A. Thompson of St. Paul, Minn., accompanied by her sister, brother and Miss Vandergrift, arrived in this city from Oregon, to spend the winter season. Because she is in mourning for her husband who died last March, she will not go into Society, much to our regret. She brought along her new car, a "Pierce Arrow," which is a beauty, and her brother will be her chauffeur. The latest acquisition to our line of automobile owners is Miss Peek, for she recently bought a new four-passenger Dodge Car. Miss Mildred Allen, her companion, has been taking lessons on how to run it, and has now reached the stage in which she feels confident enough to run through the streets down town.

To the Sonneborns were a number of friends indebted for a delightful hospitality when the hosts and hostesses gave a progressive Watch party on the eve of December 31st, in other words, seeing out the old year and ushering in New Year festivity. Instead of playing only one game throughout, Pit, Par-chessi, Messenger Boy game, Dominoes and Block game were used. At 11 o'clock a buffet supper was served, which consisted of creamed chicken, small biscuits, olives, and coffee. Upon finishing, all were bidden to go into the dining-room to eat of what was upon the table. The table itself was fairly aflame with great red poinsettias. For the centerpiece was a large basket of fruit, and all around it were dishes of nuts, raisins, crystallized ginger,

glace fruit and candies. After eating our fill, we were given mystery enshrouded packages with the stern admonition not to open till it was twelve. Oh! the boys who always boasted of not knowing what curiosity meant, proved to be far more curious than the girls, so, alas! they will never again succeed in getting us girls to believe they are too lofty-minded to be curious. We all, yes even the boys, gave such an immense sigh of gratitude when the clock struck twelve, for it was all we could do to keep ourselves under restraint from opening the packages before it was time. Suddenly appeared every kind of noise-making contrivance. Once more again we were just noisy kids, very blissfully indulging in the luxury of seeing how noisy we all could be. We have not quite lost the knack of making noises. O, it was now 12:30, we all ran out with almost undignified haste to catch our car, for who wants to miss the last car, and be compelled to walk home.

The Club Anapola at its meeting of December 4th, elected the following officers for the year: Mr. Ulysses M. Cool, President; Mr. Samuelson, Vice-President; Mr. McGowan, Secretary; Mr. Omar Smith, Treasurer; and Mr. Milton Miller for Director.

The Literary Auxiliary Club also had an election which resulted as follows: Miss Ida Miller for President, Mr. Samuelson, Vice-President; and Mrs. Price, Secretary.

Remember the address of the club is 730 South Grand Ave. The club meets every Saturday evening. Visitors are always welcome. To make it more plain as to the location of the club: You go to Walker Building, 730 South Grand Ave., take the elevator up to the fourth floor and go to "Grant Hall," where you will find us. Remember, Saturday evening is the time we hold our meeting.

Mr. Edmund Price felt that the deaf of Los Angeles should show its appreciation in some fitting way to the Local 1915 Entertainment Committee, who had so successfully carried out a three days entertainment for the fifty visiting N. A. D. delegates, who came to our city after attending the convention at San Francisco.

So Mr. Price went about it, and being the originator of this scheme was given carte blanche to plan out whatever form he thought would best show their appreciation. He proved to be a most capable manager, for in a very short time succeeded in carrying out a most elaborate program and collecting over \$25.00 for it. On Saturday evening over 100 of the deaf were assembled at the Club Anapola, Miss Bessie Reaves was appointed the Mistress of ceremonies. The Local Committee was then ushered into the room. To say they were surprised would be only putting it forth too mildly, for they were every bit of being surprised, for it never entered their minds that such a thing would happen. Mr. Price opening the evening with some explanatory remarks as to the purpose of this occasion. Pretty souvenir brochures and pins were given to each of the seventeen members of the committee, and Miss Reaves made a speech at each presentation. She simply outdid all her previous efforts in this line, which made it a pleasure to listen to her—very witty and clever. A game was played, and Miss Knapp and Mr. Omar Smith were the lucky prize winners. Then all adjourned to the other room, where ice-cream and cake were served. Both rooms had been tastefully and appropriately decorated for the occasion.

Fleeing from the carping cares of the world of conventionalities and formalities, a company of twenty-four Los Angelenos dressed in the oldest and most comfortable clothing, spent eighteen hours in mountain climbing from midnight Saturday till eight o'clock the next evening, truly a most strenuous but indeed an enjoyable exercise. Mount Wilson is a little over 5,000 feet high, but the trail to the top is nine miles, so you can imagine how glad we were to get to the top. We could not get ourselves to be intent on acquiring the proper mental attitude to enjoy nature, mountain scenery and sunrise, for we were all the time made conscious of a big aching sensation in our legs, owing to the unusual exertion we forced upon them. To add to our misery we were not allowed to loll around very long, for we were warned to keep moving, otherwise we would surely get stiff. But, however, we were given a crumb of comfort, which was to the effect that this condition would be merely temporary and that in a short time we would be all right, so therefore with considerable effort, and only by strict moral discipline, we compelled ourselves to march down by another trail, a distance of twelve miles. We had to cross a very swollen stream several times. The boys had to stand by to see that the girls crossed over safely. The girls had occasion to be most thankful for their assistance, without which they could never have had the courage to get across, for the only bridge in sight was a very narrow and slippery log. It is to be hoped that we will have a better understanding with the muscles in our legs when

we undertake to go mountain climbing again. When we pulled into Los Angeles again, you may be assured we were glad to be in the "City of Angels." The eighteen hours we were away seemed to be a week, but, however, it does us all good to have spasmodic returns of barbarian instincts that nothing can satisfy except a chance to lose ourselves in the mountains.

MARY COOL.

CHICAGO.

News items for this column should be sent to S. H. Howard, 1460 East 57th Street Chicago, Ill.

Inquiries have been mailed to me as to the correct address of the Pas-a-Pas Club.

It is at 116 South Michigan Ave., between Adams and Monroe Streets. The Elevator man takes you up to its room on the tenth floor. It's Corresponding Secretary, Emil A. Weller's address, is Bellewood, Ill.

Mrs. Flick sent out cards to forty-four whist experts, for Friday evening, January 28th, at the Parish House, and served delicious nut and fruit sundae and cake at her own expenses, but the guests chipped in twenty-five cents each, solely for the benefit of the Coal fund. Mrs. Flick also presented prizes to the six winners as follows: First prize, Mrs. Frank H. Hyman; second prize, Mrs. Sprague; booby prize, Mrs. Scott; first prize, Chas. Boss; second prize, Frank Gibson; booby prize, Gus Hyman. The Coal fund amounted to \$13.35.

Surprise birthday parties are numerous in Chicago. On Monday afternoon, January 24th, Ed. D. Kingdon cooked a splendid dinner himself at his only son's residence, and invited some of his old friends to partake of it, in honor of his dear wife's birthday. In the evening, the son, who is an expert caterer, served ice-cream and cake to the well-filled guests.

The old friends of Wm. Sheehan and Philip Smith, made both happy on their birthday, by giving a party at the residence of Mr. Sheehan. The guests reported a pleasant evening.

Mrs. Morton H. Henry was also surprised by the presence of her select friends, on Tuesday evening, February 1st.

Another delightful surprise was sprung upon Gus. Hyman, on Wednesday evening, February 2d, by Mrs. Borinstein, the leader, and twenty friends. Of course, a jolly time was voted by all who were present.

The Literary Circle of the Pas-a-Pas Club held its monthly meeting, Saturday, January 29th.

Mrs. Purdum recited: "The Man Without a Country," which was written by Everett Hale. Several amusing stories were then told by several members after which card playing was resumed until a late hour, and finally bananas were served.

Mrs. Purdum was elected President of the Literary Circle, and Mrs. Benj. F. Frank, Vice-President.

Mrs. Frank was also elected 2d Vice-President of Chicago Chapter of the Illinois Association of the Deaf, which fact I overlooked in my last letter. Double congratulations.

Frank McHugh, of Detroit, has been visiting his aunt for three weeks in this city.

Matthew Heinz and Miss Olga Kast were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on Saturday, January 15th, at the residence of the bride, Rev. G. T. Flick officiating the ceremony.

A lady Oral graduate, felt so lonely at her home that she advertised in the Chicago newspapers last December for the whereabouts of the societies of the deaf, and seemed to enjoy herself very much at Dr. Hasenstab's church last Sunday. It is noticed that a good many oral graduates attend both Dr. Hasenstab's and Rev. Flick's services, and also numerous parties and socials, in spite of the strong protests of Miss McCowan and her assistants. The marriage of Oral graduates with Combined System ones has been announced from time to time. That is no wonder at all.

S. H. HOWARD

Saturday, Feb 5, 1916.

Resolutions.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father has seen fit to take from us by death, a wise and helpful member, Mrs. Eugene Wood; therefore,

Resolved, That we bow to His will with sorrow for our selves and deep sympathy for her family.

Resolved, That we thankfully remember her cheery presence, faithful counsels, and financial help.

Resolved, That while we mourn the vacant place, we rejoice in her freedom from suffering.

Resolved, That we strive as she did to make all our work here a preparation for the higher service of Paradise.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed in our Record Book, sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and forwarded to the family of the deceased.

ALICE C. JENNINGS,
SARAH P. CHAPMAN,
Committee.

PITTSBURCH.

"Shall the deaf be licensed to run motorcycles and automobiles on an equality with their hearing brethren?" has become a question more or less all over the country, and presents another opportunity for a fight for their rights along with other things. Mr. Charles Reiser has answered the question recently, by adding a motorcycle to his possessions, and presumably getting a license to run it. So it is up to him, along with several others in this vicinity, to prove that a deaf man can be as safe a driver as any on the road.

Mrs. Charles Reiser's brother was a victim of pneumonia, the disease that has carried off so many hereabouts this winter. La Grippe has been kind to the deaf, however, for we have no reports of any suffering therefrom to a dangerous degree.

Mr. Joseph Acheson has sidestepped all of Old Winter's drawbacks by taking up his abode in Florida for the rest of the season. He is one of the few who can run from danger, which is the better part of discretion.

Mrs. Orlando Clarke, of Mystic, Ct., is wintering with her hearing daughter who lives in Pittsburgh. She likes the "Snooky City" very much, in spite of its murkiness and its up-and-downness. It is a much bigger village than she had dreamed of, according to her own statements.

Miss Carrie Finley, who for the past few years has made her home in Greensburg, returned to Pittsburgh last week to assist Mrs. Chestnut during her busy season.

The members of St. Margaret's Mission, and others besides, had the rare pleasure of a sermon and talk by the Rev. C. S. Sielau last Sunday. He had been in Youngstown and came on to Pittsburgh for the service.

The basket-ball team of the Edgewood Park School is, seemingly, out for a record. Recently they went in and tackled the Duquesne University Juniors on the bluff, and tackled "Victory" to their pennant, and are justly proud of their showing. Duquesne University Jrs., 26, W. P. Institution for the Deaf, 41.

Chairman Holliday, of the Ways and Means Committee of the P. S. A. D. Branch, for last year, has made a record in his campaign for funds for the Home at Doylestown. He had charge of the penny-a-punch cards and reports a total collection of \$85.05 from that source. The individual collectors reported all the way from 15 cents to \$41.50 for punches, the latter amount being secured by Mr. Guy Montgomery, of Donora. He is connected with the mines in that vicinity. Mr. Holliday, himself, collected \$10 from the clerks at the Post Office. The rest of the collections were mostly \$1, and a few \$2 and \$3. It pays to get punches.

The N. A. D. Branch of Pittsburgh, held a meeting at Washington hall, January 29th. Old Probs saw fit to throw cold water on the gathering, for it rained like anything and kept at it all evening. About 45 people assembled, however, and forgot the dampness under the fire of Frank R. Gray's instructive talk on Civil Service discriminations, Industrial Statistics, Elimination of the Impostor, and Improvement in Education. The firing of his artillery took up one hour, but there was abundant time to hear Col. Sawhill, G. F. Grimm, F. A. Lettner, and Mrs. Frank Holliday. The N. A. D. is all right as far as Pittsburgh is concerned.

The Pittsburgh Chapter of the G. C. A. A. celebrated the birthday of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet with a dinner at the Seventh Avenue Hotel, on the 5th inst. Circumstances prevented the writer being present, very much to his regret; nevertheless, from the newspaper reports, we learn they had a most enjoyable time as is the usual case on such occasions.

Addresses were delivered by Dr. William M. Burt, of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; F. R. Gray, Frank Leitner, Miss Euna Boyd, and Mrs. Mark M. Holliday. Frank M. Holliday was toastmaster. There was a large attendance, and the addresses, all of a laudatory nature, aroused considerable enthusiasm.

The Pittsburgh Division, N. F. S. D., will also have a banquet at the same place on February 19th. A large attendance is already booked for this occasion. The Frats are hustlers, it would seem, and the Pittsburgh Division is growing all the time.

Col. Sawhill reports to us personally as follows: "There was a big battle in the Colonel's house last week, between the Col. and the 'Grip Germ.' The Col. got knocked out and was put to bed to sleep for several days. 'Doc' decided the Grip Germ the winner.

Too bad, but it is pleasant to hear the Col. is recovering from the "knockout," and will be wiser when he is about again.

G. M. T.

Mr. George Wood, of Wappinger Falls, died on the third of February. He was a trustee of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes for many years, and rendered signal service for the Gallaudet Home.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The eighth annual mask and civic ball of the Brooklyn Division, No. 23, N. E. S. D., has come and gone, but pleasant memories will linger for a long time to the hundreds who attended the function.

The affair took place on Saturday evening, February 5th, 1916, at Imperial Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Though the Brooklyn Frats' annual mask and civic balls have always been well attended during the past several years, this one seems to have surpassed all previous events in numbers present, and as for management and good order it can be put down as having been most satisfactory.

Those who appeared in fancy costumes were more numerous than in previous years.

There were a goodly number of Frats from up-state, as well as from nearby towns in Connecticut and New Jersey.

A neat 32-page booklet with neat tan cover was distributed free. It contained a history of the parent organization, which has headquarters in Chicago. It also gave a brief sketch of the Brooklyn Division, of its small beginning by the organization, Mr. H. Pierce Kane, to its present strength and prosperity. The book contained the business cards of many firms of New York and Brooklyn, and was embellished by half tone cuts of the past presidents of the organization and its present president and secretary.

A member of the Committee promised to mail the JOURNAL a list of the prize winners, but up to an hour or so before going to press, the list has not arrived. The American flag was won by the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, having one hundred and five members present. The Men's Club at St. Ann's Church and parishioners had a still greater number present, but as only one hundred got in line to be counted, they lost the National banner.

Below is a partial list of nearly one hundred who appeared in mask.

Bella Behrens.....Pennant
Anna Monton.....Gypsy
May Belmont.....Red Clown
E. Maher.....Dutch Maid
Jasie Napolitans.....Turkish Girl
Mrs. Ray Donath.....Pink Mask
Margaret Camira.....Highland Lassie
Carrie Liden Schmidt.....Harlequin
Mrs. C. Wolff.....Valentine
Miss Burke.....Queen of Hearts
Martha Meyer.....Yellow Gown
Sadie Nachumson.....Cloth of Gold
Bessie Turk.....

.....Spanish Tambourine Girl
Mrs. A. A. Cohn.....Liberty

The arrangement committee are to be complimented at the termination of the affair, which is another feather in the Brooklyn Frats list of successful gatherings that have given the deaf an evening of enjoyment. The committee consisted of Messrs. Jas. F. Constantin, Chairman; Allen Hitchcock, Secretary; J. Keiber, Jr., Treasurer; F. W. Meinken, L. Frey, Erich M. Beig, Joseph F. Graham, J. Bohlman, Jr. and J. Alexander.

The Brooklyn Frats for the year 1916 is officered as follows: Harry J. Powell, President; Allen Hitchcock, Vice-President; Thomas J. Cosgrove, Secretary; Erich M. Berg, Treasurer; F. W. Meinken, Director; Jacobs Keiber, Jr., Sergeant-at-Arms; Alexander Lester Pach, Jacob Landau and W. L. Bowers, Trustees; John D. Shea, State Organizer.

Mr. Henry Bryan, the hearing son of Mr. Charles Bryan, was Floor Manager, and was ably assisted by Mr. W. L. Bowers, and a floor committee consisting of Messrs. Morris Plapinger (Chairman), A. J. McLaren, F. A. Brown, J. D. Buckley, J. F. O'Brien, H. Hanneman and Wm. Lynch.

The Broomie Street Chapel, in which the Lutheran Mission for the Deaf in the past two years held its Sunday services, has been closed. No longer will deaf worshippers cross the North and East River to attend divine services in the old familiar place. No longer will they on their way to the chapel meet with such scenes as bands of Italian children performing impromptu dances to the music of a grind-organ, or adults absorbed in the game of dice. No longer will the pastor and deacons have to bear complaints of the long distance to church, and of the neighborhood. Still, we doubt not the place will be held in grateful remembrance by all affiliated with the mission. For there they had every comfort and convenience extended by old St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, which one year ago celebrated its 250th anniversary. There also stood the cradle of the Lutheran Mission for the Deaf.

We have discarded the cradle. The little boy, who has been the object of so much care and love, is able to walk. In the future he will have two homes, a New York and Brooklyn home. He has become quite fashionable. Lives just like an English gentleman, who has a residence and a country home. To

be plain, the deaf members of the mission have resolved to divide the field, and have a New York City and a Brooklyn Mission. In New York City services will be held every Sunday afternoon at 3 P.M., in St. Luke's Church on 42d Street, between Times Square and Eighth Avenue. In Brooklyn services will be held every Sunday evening at 7.30 P.M., in the Parish House of St. Mark's Church, Jefferson Street and Bushwick Avenue. The latter place is near the Broadway and Myrtle Avenue station.

Discontinue the Lutheran Mission for the Deaf?

Not so long the members are so active and so interested as at present. Deaf without any church connection are cordially invited to attend these services.

Monday, January 31st, being Mrs. Kate Russell's birthday, she had Mrs. Isaac Goldberg to lunch with her in her apartment, in the Bronx, and under her guidance a few friends dropped in after luncheon, to surprise Mrs. Russell. She was unprepared to receive them, but managed to give them a good time. After an hour or two of conversation in the parlor, they were escorted to the dining room, where a dandy buffet supper was on the table, and they were merry until it was time for them to go home to get up a dinner for their "hubbies." Those present, besides Mrs. Russell and her devoted daughter, were: Mrs. Goldberg, Mrs. A. Pfeiffer, Mrs. C. McMan, Mrs. H. P. Kane, Mrs. C. Bohnner, Mrs. H. Bettles, Mrs. Vetterlein and Miss Esther Spanton.

Under the management of Mrs. Bohnner, Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Bettles, a lovely "surprise" was sprung in the cosy apartment of Mrs. Vetterlein, when she and her sweet daughter returned home at one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, February 2d, from her shopping. She was very much surprised as her birthday was on the next day, but was ready for the nice time. The table was neatly decorated with delicious dishes, well prepared by the ladies and a very handy, excellent waiter, Mr. Haggin, who happened to drop in before the ladies arrived with a lovely floral horseshoe. After eating a hearty meal, they went to the parlor, and were merry all afternoon, talking, laughing and playing games for prizes. Some ladies gave little stories of their childhood. Those present, besides Mrs. Vetterlein and her daughter, were: Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Pfeiffer and Mrs. McMan, Mrs. Meisel, Miss Anzani, Mrs. Wolff, Mrs. Lefi, Miss Abrams, Mrs. Bettles, Mrs. Bohnner, Miss Spanton and Mrs. Russell.

Mrs. Isaac Goldberg, Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer and Miss Esther H. Spanton are trying to found a club for ladies who were educated at the 44th Street and 67th Street schools, and they think of naming it, "Astor Club," because the school was situated on the same plot where Hotel Astor stands. After members are admitted to the club, a room will be engaged for their use, and their friends will be welcome to drop in for a chat, or a cup of tea, at invitation of a member. They are very enthusiastic about the club, and believe they will be successful.

Charles Ethred Johnson died, of pneumonia, about a week before Christmas. He was for many years a member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, and was of an extremely retiring disposition and of excellent character. He was a regular attendant at the Sunday Services at St. Ann's Church. His long absence from his usual haunts led to many comments by his fellow members, and which induced President Frankenheim to investigate the matter, and as a result the facts of his death were revealed. Sympathy was expressed on his utter isolation when death overtook him.

Early morning, January 24th, just midnight, Mrs. Louise Isgen, beloved mother of Mrs. A. W. Henning (nee Lizzie A. Isgen), died of heart failure, in her sixty-eighth year of age. Funeral services on the 26th, afternoon, were held amid a roomful of flowers, at 500 Hart Street, Brooklyn. Buried at Evergreen Cemetery.

Announcement through this column is made of the betrothal of Miss Frieda Fleischer and Mr. A. Stein, of 33 West 117th Street, on January 2d, 1916. Best wishes for health and happiness are extended to the couple by their many friends and admirers.

Miss Clara Breese was a guest of Miss Violet Pearce for nearly two weeks, and enjoyed her stay immensely. On Wednesday, February 2d, Miss Pearce gave a party in her honor, which was attended by a baby of the younger set.

A baby-boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldberg, on the morning of February 2d, 1916. Mother and babe doing nicely.

Leopold Breslauer returned to New York in time for the Hebrew Charity Ball, after a month spent in North Carolina.

Among the Philadelphians at the Frat Ball in Brooklyn, were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breese.

Samuel Frankenheim will go South about the middle of this month, traveling as far as Mobile, Alabama.

Miss Emma Baumann was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. Henry Schnakenburg, on the 24th of January.

Mrs. Mary L. Haight has gone to Bermuda for a stay of a couple of weeks.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 938 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

February 5, 1916.—The School will enjoy the February holiday on Monday, the 21st, instead of the 22d. Superintendent Jones will conduct the Sunday school exercises on the 20th, and thus relieve the teachers from the duty. On Tuesday the regular school program will go on. By the change there will be no break in the week's work, as would be the case were the schools dismissed on Tuesday, at the same time it affords the non-resident teachers an opportunity to spend the interval between Friday and Tuesday at their homes if they so wish.

Miss Ella Zell left yesterday morning for Boston, Mass., on a sad mission—attending the funeral of a brother, Lincoln Ariz. He was a travelling lumber insurance agent, and was down in North Carolina on business. A telegram to Mrs. Zell stated he was killed in a railroad accident. No particulars were given. The funeral was to have occurred to-day in a suburb of Boston, where the family resides. The news came as a shock to the Zells, the more so as he was the most endeared of the family, had never known a sick day in his life. He leaves several children, among them a son travelling somewhere in Michigan, whom it was impossible to locate.

The Clonian Society and Perry Club held elections, for officers to serve till June, at their last meeting, with the following results: President, Joseph Schoenfeld; Vice-President, Harley Stotler; Secretary, Louis Seimensohn; Assistant Secretary, Leon Moreland; Treasurer, Howard Weber; Girls' Librarian, Vida Morrison; Boys' Librarian, Clifford Dille; Girls' R. R. Librarian, Flo Slater; Boys' R. R. Librarian, C. Moore; Critic, Chas. Harris.

The new officers of the Perry Club for the second term are: President, Ruby Weida; Vice-President, Myrtle Quayle; Secretary, Flossie Slater; Assistant Secretary, Hazel Fischer; Treasurer, Anna King; Librarian, Nellie Zimmerman; Assistant Librarian, Irene Roeder; Critic, Leona Sattler.

During the past week, \$20.21 came in for the Home Auto Fund, in sums ranging from one dollar to five cents.

The lady teachers were entertained by Mrs. and Miss Pauline Jones, from four to five o'clock. Wednesday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. Clarke, of Chicago, who attended Smith College with Miss Jones. Mrs. Clark had been in New York visiting her parents, and stopped off here for a visit with her College friend.

Metal sanitary rubbish boxes have been put in convenient places about the buildings for wastes. The boxes hold sacks in which the waste is put, and when full can easily be taken out, and emptied without it being necessary for one to dig his hands into the stuff.

With Tuesday began the second term of the school. There were no promotions made in the classes, as far as we know. It is not the custom to do so, except perhaps in the lower grades.

The High classes and Grammar Grades had their second social for the year last evening in the girls' recreation hall, and after it were treated to ice cream and cake in the pupils' dining room. Superintendent Jones was down in Cincinnati last week, where he entertained the deaf members of the Methodist Church Friday, and Sunday delivered a sermon.

Miss Mary C. Bierce came down from Cleveland Saturday last. She will remain here until the middle of the month, and then go to Biloxi, Miss., where, with her sister, Mrs. Holder, she will remain for some time. A B G.

Sentence Looses Tongue of "Mare."

Possibly because the police justices found his affliction good reason for extending leniency, William Kelly, "deaf-mute," has repeatedly escaped doing time for drunkenness.

William was picked up, in intoxicated and half frozen, at West End and Jefferson Avenues, Friday night.

Justice Gainey considered William's case Saturday morning. After some deliberation he decided: "Thirty days."

"Oh, hell!" said the deaf-mute, as they marched him back to jail.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 North Dove Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

When I came here with a well-prepared lecture some time ago, a very small audience was present; but, now, when I feel poorly prepared, I have a large "intellectual audience." Thus remarked Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., at the opening of his resume of current events before the Clero Literary Association on Thursday evening, third of February. And then for an hour or so he commented on the most important and interesting topics of the day. Among the latter kind, Small Debtor's Court, established in Kansas by the Legislature, seemed especially interesting from the details of its working given. A profitable evening was passed, Mr. McIlvaine receiving the usual vote of thanks for his labor.

The new electric lights in All Souls' Church for the Deaf, of which we expected to tell about in this issue, are all but approved. The contractor did not follow the wishes of Rev. Mr. Dantzer, and as a result, he may be compelled to make changes.

Miss Jane Huntzinger, of Trenton, Pa., an uneducated deaf-mute, is visiting in Philadelphia.

A report says that Miss Mildred I. Zeller, formerly of near Lebanon, but for the last few years living with a brother in Reading, has been removed to the Lebanon County Almshouse. Great sympathy is felt for her plight among her friends. Although scarcely in middle life she is wholly incapacitated from work by locomotor ataxia, with which she has been afflicted for several years. Both of her parents are dead. In former years she was a leader among her sex in Lebanon County.

Mr. Irby H. Marchman, who came here recently from Washington, D. C., expects to settle down here. He appears to have a steady position, on the night shift of the Ledger, Philadelphia's leading newspaper.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer spent Friday and part of Saturday in New York, for the purpose of visiting the Church of the Intercession, whose style of lambrequin has been recommended in place of the present reredos in All Souls' Church for the Deaf. This is another change in the Church, which its hearing friends propose to make to beautify it.

The Board of Managers of All Souls' Guild held its monthly meeting, on Tuesday evening, February 1st, and Philadelphia Division No. 30, on Friday evening, 4th. The business at both meetings was principally routine, except for a pleasing incident at the latter's meeting. Toward its close, a surprise was sprung upon President Davis by presenting him a hand some desk-chair. The chair was delivered at his home during his absence at his meeting, and he saw it for the first time after his return home. Mr. Fred Greiner made the presentation speech in behalf of the members of the Division. It had the effect of lifting the cares of office from him for the time being, and he expressed his appreciation doubly by a speech of thanks, and by passing around a box of cigars.

On Friday, February 4th, 1916, Martha, wife of Mr. Henry P. Friemel (nee Weinell), passed away, after an illness of several weeks. The death occurred only a few days before the first anniversary of her marriage. She was a graduate of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and had lived here only since her marriage; but in that short time, by her lovely disposition, she had made many friends. Her funeral will take place on Tuesday afternoon, the interment to be in Chelton Hills Cemetery. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the husband in his great bereavement.

On Sunday afternoon last (February 7th), the Rev. C. O. Dantzer baptized Miss Louisa W. Geiger, at her home in the presence of her cousin, Mrs. Wolf and son, with whom she is living, and Mrs. M. J. Syle, Mr. William Salter, and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Reider. Miss Geiger is troubled with rheumatism, so that the ceremony had to be held at her home. Afterwards all those present partook of a refreshing supper.

The Rev. J. H. Keiser, of New York, is expected to attend the dinner of the Men's Club at All Souls' Church, on the 15th inst. He will remain for the meeting of the Clero Literary Association, on Thursday evening, 17th, when he will out air in all conceivable directions with O. Henry stories. Don't miss this treat.

Mrs. Gertrude Fritscher (nee Roelofs) underwent an operation recently, and has been ill for some time. We are glad to say that she is recovering as rapidly as possible, and it may not be long before she will return to work.

We have been requested to announce the engagement of Mrs. Emma Mary Hannold to Mr. Harry L. Stull, both of this city.

The Rev. F. C. Smielau, of Reading, Pa., came to Philadelphia to attend the monthly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Home for

Aged and Infirm Deaf, and the Executive Committee of the P. S. A. D., both held on the same day.

Mrs. Clarke Moore has been ill with the grip, but is recovering. A few weeks ago she attended the funeral of a brother, in Newark, N. J.

A novel entertainment will be held at All Souls' Parish Hall next Saturday evening (12th), Lincoln's birthday. It will consist of a "pageant of nations." Being for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, the price of fifteen cents will be charged for admission.

Syracuse.

The writer did not intend to answer Mr. Conley's article of the 13th, had not he said that mine of 13th of last month was "absolute mistake." It was no mistake. Why, it was Mr. Conley himself among those who made such nonsense remarks about the non-Frats. We often read or hear of what good the Frats of the other Divisions are doing, that we do not want them to think that what we say concerns them and be offended. A person living among the same people in the same town for years knows what he is saying, and has a right to correct the wrong manners of others. In school we can correct each other, why should not we do the same out of it?

We often attend the Frats' parties, picnics, etc., not only with pleasure to help them, but we do enjoy ourselves as we usually do in any of the deaf's socials. But have we ever been asked to any of their social free of charge? Not as far as we can remember since it was organized. We are always glad to help them. But what about their manners as to holding their monthly meetings on the same evenings as those at the Parish House? The latter is as much, if not of more, importance to the public of the deaf-mutes.

The deaf of Syracuse ought to feel themselves very fortunate for being able to gather in such warm, well lighted and comfortable rooms at the Parish House every month, free of charge. Any minister who feels embarrassed if his congregation did not help him a little, to show their appreciation to those who leave such rooms at their disposal, unless they contribute some thing at the Sunday services.

This winter the minister has changed the dates, yet the Frats sometimes have parties on the same date. Programs for last month's meeting were sent out. But just two or three days before, the minister had to send out the cards again to inform them that he was to be there from six to eight o'clock that evening, as a social was to be held at the residence of one of his regular members for the benefit of the Frats. The minister did not mind it. He was there. But was it proper? Of course not. After the monthly meeting this year, the minister wrote to the writer and urged him to take an active part in his church, as he said he needs a man of his force and ability and know what good he could do. But on account of living rather far from the city, the writer is only able to do what he can by helping it whenever he can.

He also would prefer the young folks to act, as he was active for years, and at present has enough to do. Many deaf from Buffalo to Connecticut may remember their good times during his management, and what such fine and valuable prizes they carried off from Syracuse. The merchants don't donate such things nowadays, so that the committee has to buy something or ask their brothers to donate something which is appreciated the same. E. T. MURPHY.

WHY NO TILDEN.

It is safe to say no deaf man in this country has received more recognition among the hearing than Douglas Tilden. This recognition has been most signal in California, and especially in San Francisco, where the creations of his artistic genius adorn the city's parks and thoroughfares.

Considering these circumstances, it is hard for a casual observer to understand why his name did not figure in the proceedings of the meeting of the National Association last July, held in his home city.

One familiar with events in California and with knowledge gained from the press, realizes that all is not harmony in the Golden State. We do not assume to judge where the blame lies, but the fact that California's most illustrious deaf son did not figure in the proceedings is a circumstance one cannot fail to observe and note with regret.—Deaf Hawkeye.

Rev. Franklin C. Smielau's Appointments.

Saturday, January 20, 7:45 P.M., St. John's Parish House, Youngstown, Ohio, Reading.

Sunday, January 30, 10:30 A.M., Trinity Chapel, Pittsburgh.

2:30 P.M., Christ Church, Greensburg.

8:30 P.M., St. Mark's Chapel, Johnstown.

Monday, January 31, 8 P.M., St. Luke's Church, Altoona.

Wednesday, February 2, 8 P.M., Christ Chapel, Williamsport.

Saturday, February 5, St. Luke's Chapel, Lebanon.

Sunday, February 6, 10:30 A.M., St. James Church, Lancaster.

8 P.M., Trinity Church, Steelton.

6:30 P.M., St. John's Chapel, York.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

located at Knoxville. He also led his classes at that school.

BASKET BALL.

Gallaudet, 51 Geo. Washington Univ., 24

When the George Washington University quintet met Gallaudet in a return game, played in the Kendall Green Gymnasium, on Saturday evening, February 5th, the wearers of the royal blue enjoyed a revenge which was indeed sweet and luscious, and none the less so from the fact that the Co-Eds were holding down the place of honor in the gallery, and rewarding every good play with smiles and hand-clapping.

At the outset, Gallaudet uncocked a burst of speed and team-work that had the Hatchettes goggled and completely bewildered as to how the ball found its way into the basket, as it did with ever-curling and increasing frequency. Even the spectators had trouble at times to keep tabs on the elusive sphere.

Rockwell started the scrap (this Rockwell, by the way, has a habit of starting things) with a beautiful goal from the floor, barely minutes after the opening whistle. From then on, the affair was a tea party, as far as the effectiveness of G. W. U.'s resistance was concerned. Gallaudet scored rapidly and expeditiously, and it was very seldom that the Hatchettes were able to stop the swift and ineptuous rushes of the Royal Blue.

The first half ended 36-0 in Gallaudet's favor. And in the second half, Gallaudet sent in three substitutes, who kept on making things merry for the Hatchettes till the final dirge sounded, and put an end to their agony.

The wonderful playing of Rock well featured the game at all stages. The Royal Blue and Buff's leader was feeling in just the right shape, and dribbled and shot in a fashion that was dazzling to the visitors., A. Wenger, Rasmussen and Mellis also put up a good article of ball.

Line-up and Summary:

GALLAUDET	Pos.	G. W. U.
A. Wenger	L.F.	Almon
Rockwell	C.F.	Powers
Rasmussen	R.G.	Matthews
Willman	R.G.	Groesbeck
		Wilson

Substitutions—R. Wenger for Keeley, Mellis for Rasmussen, Clasen for Rockwell, Ritzbach for Almon, Gotchell for Powers, Ellison for Matthews, Ellison for Wilson, Shanr for Ellison. Goals from floor—Rockwell 6, A. Wenger 7, Keeley 4, Rasmussen 3, Mellis, Willman, Almon, Powers 3, Matthews 3, Shaner 3. Goals from foul—Rockwell 6, A. Wenger, Powers 4. Referee—Mr. Colliflower. Time of halves—twenty minutes.

H. J. P.

Let All Have a Part.

OAKLAND, CAL., Jan. 27, 1916.

EDITOR DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL:—Being a historical spot, Hartford is no "local affair," and I respectfully suggest that this is no time for a N. A. D. president to chin at Connecticut deaf and tell them to get busy.

It will strike every fair minded deaf-mute that a national affair is a matter where the burden should be more evenly distributed throughout the country, to insure the greatest amount of success.

This suggestion is not offered in a hypocritical spirit, but just to call your attention to the fact that it is unseemly, in a centenary, to compel a parcel of the deaf to have the whole United States as guests.

Respectfully yours,
DOUGLAS TILDEN.

ZENOISMS.

No. 5.

An habitual deaf liar bumbles like a deaf-mute walking in the dark?

However heavy our wives are, let us be thankful that a deaf woman cannot linger at a telephone.

Do not write blithely of somebody being chained to a Caesar's chariot. The fellow may be found to be dragging back the whole outfit.

If you say that genius and common sense go hand in hand, first be sure if there is such a thing in existence as common sense and if you have a special revelation as to what it is.

It is seldom that any one will heed the warnings of a charlatan who is found out.

The host who is afraid that his guest would be choked with wine, either pays his own class a poor compliment or is a sly gny.

Oralists, spurn not a backward Institution Kid, for he may grow to be a N. A. D. president.

Yes, the president wants Hartford to start something, while the N. A. D. is shut down for repairs.

ZENO.

The death of Mrs. Harrison Burt, occurred at her residence, 22 Linden Avenue, Troy, N. Y., on Wednesday evening, February 2d. Mrs. Burt was born in Troy sixty-five years ago. She was a member of the Church of the Ascension. Besides her husband, she is survived by two sons, John and Police Officer Harry Burt, and one daughter, Mrs. John Wolfe. She was educated at the New York Institution.

Do not forget that even as "to work is to worship," so to be cheery is to worship also, and to be happy, is the first step to being pious.
R. L. Stevenson.

FANWOOD.

Once again do we chronicle one of the happy gatherings of the Fanwood Literary Association, that collected in the chapel, on the evening of the first Saturday of the month. The entertainment presented was given by Prof. Stevenson's Fifth Male, who with the help of their teacher arranged and carried out with admirable success a brief picturization of Victor Hugo's famous fiction character, Jean Valjean. The program read in the following order:—

READING—"Great Composers of Music." By R. Shaler.

DEBATE—Resolved, That Moving Pictures are more beneficial to the world than books. AFFIRMATIVE: J. Uhl. NEGATIVE: A. Neger. E. Kerner. S. Salerno.

ESSAY—"Norway As I saw it." By W. Christiansen. BIOGRAPHY—"Henry Hudson." By J. Stark. DIALOGUE—"Much Ado About Nothing." By J. McVernon and M. Fleischer.

Play. JEAN VALJEAN. CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Jean Valjean E. Shaler
His sister, Jeanne J. Uhl
Baker S. Salerno
Officer E. Kerner
Marie Claude J. McVernon
A Man M. Fleischer
Second Man A. Neger
A Woman J. Stark
Second Woman A. Finkelstein
Third Woman W. Christiansen
Soldiers G. Miller, A. Hunziker, and A. Finkelstein
A Guard E. Kerner
Landlord S. Salerno
Fisherman A. Neger
A Lady J. Uhl
The Attendant J. Stark
Bishop J. McVernon
Madame J. Uhl
Mademoiselle A. Neger
Father Madeleine E. Shaler
Javert S. Salerno
King's Office E. Kerner
Housekeeper J. McVernon
Judge M. Fleischer
A Prisoner J. Uhl
Clerks G. Miller
Chenil A. Neger
Brevet W. Christiansen

ACT I.
SCENE I. Home of Jean Valjean.
SCENE II. Street in Faverolles.
SCENE III. Village of D—.
SCENE IV. Bishop's Home.
ACT II.
SCENE I. Father Madeleine's Home.
SCENE II. Hall of Justice, the Court-room.

Just before the play, the audience were highly pleased by several readings, a debate and a dialogue, which members of the class rendered separately. These were very creditable recitations for a class that has seldom performed at any special function. In the debate the speakers boldly stated their arguments free from jargon and unnecessary remarks, which made this an exceptionally interesting topic. The negative side was awarded the contest, having prepared a stronger argument which contained more careful consideration of the subject from all points.

When the curtain parted on the first scene of Act I, every eye eagerly studied the characters, of the players. The class had been rehearsed several times, and at the critical moment were quite self-possessed and acted in a way that completely charmed the audience. Each individual played his role with skill in clever impersonation, Cadet Shaler being an exponent of emotional feeling as the patriot, Jean Valjean.

The costuming and scenic effects were especially interesting, and are to be generously rewarded, as this helped portray the period of France very clearly as set forth in the book. This, with the good acting and talk of the class in unison, formed the important factors of the successful playlet, which bids for a place in the future among many other memorable events of the year.

The Loyal Band of Workers, an active organization of the girls, contributed about twelve hundred rolls of bandages, to be forwarded to the warring countries in Europe. The girls volunteered their service willingly, and during their sewing circles passed many pleasant afternoons in the spirit of what was assigned them.

The snowfall that came during the week provided ample amount of pleasure on the boys' playground. Coasting was good on the hill for several days, but did not excel that of former occasions, as it soon left our dispirited winter athletes the problem of coasting on pure sand and gravel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wilcox and little daughter were guests of Principal and Mrs. Currier Sunday evening. They spent a pleasant evening at Fanwood. Mrs. Wilcox will long be remembered here for her former services as a teacher.

Sunday services were preached by Professors Jones and Thomason, both using texts which were earnestly illustrated. Mr. John F. O'Brien with two friends from Scranton, Pa., attended the afternoon service in a brief visit to the school.

A chess tournament has recently been proposed by those proficient in that art, to locate the champion here. The first games of this series

were played between Cadets Orman and Schnapp. The latter came off with flying colors by 3 to 2.

Through the courtesy of the Principal, last Thursday afternoon, eight members of Miss Berry's Senior Oral attended an art lecture for the hard of hearing, arranged in a series of lectures presented to the public by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The lecture was given in the class room of that Institution by Miss Jane B. Walker, who spoke on the life and works of the great Spanish painter, Joaquin Sorolloy Bastida. The lecture was given in speech, without signs, which of course required those present to record wholly by the knowledge of lip-reading. Miss Walker was accompanied at intervals by stereopticon views, picturing the important paintings of the Spanish masters up to the time of Sorolloy, and a chart illustrating the names and great periods of their history. These proved of essential benefit, for by calling attention to these occasionally the reader was quite able to obtain a thorough understanding of her subject. Sorolloy's wonderful mastery of open sunshine and motion in his pictures make his works exceedingly interesting both in composition and subject. The class that attended was able to derive many important points in the technique of the fine arts, and enjoyed the association of many notable people. They also completed an extended tour of the Museum's personal art possessions and famous paintings before leaving.

Wee Animal Fights Huge Snakes.

Perhaps the greatest tracker in the animal world is the mongoose or ichneumon, the latter name being derived from the Greek and meaning "tracker out."

While he moves and acts like a weasel, the parallel goes no further, however, for he seems to have a strong strain of the hyena, and he is wild, brave and fierce.

He is found in Africa and India, especially in the latter country. There he achieved fame for his daring in attacking and killing snakes. The cobra and many other deadly serpents may make human life wearisome in India, but the mongoose is the master of the snake tribe.

A battle between the two is fair, for each desires to eat the other. The snake seeks to bite with his fangs, poison and eat his victim at leisure. The mongoose has only his teeth as a weapon, but he is blessed with a greater alertness and speed than the snake.

When the snake seeks to dart out his head and "strike" with his fangs, the little mongoose deftly leaps aside, and then, almost in the same movement, launches himself upon the reptile, and if his aim is good, as it usually is, he crushes the snake's skull in his jaws. It is said that the fearlessness of the mongoose is one of his best weapons.

The mongoose and the dormouse are two of the things the venom of the cobra cannot easily kill. The mongoose even after being bitten will eat the serpent's head, poison glands and all.

The mongoose is right where he is; he may be misplaced. That is what we found in Jamaica. Great rats, monsters which might have broken away from the Pied Piper's charm, were eating up all the sugar cane, ruining the planters, imperiling the fortunes of the islands. After other experiments had been tried, mongooses were introduced. There followed a terrible time for the rats. In three years not a rat was left in the islands.

But in India the mongoose is precious almost beyond price. There poisonous snakes every year kill over 200,000 people.

TALK ON THRIFT.

When we consider thrift, we are apt to overlook the fact that economy in the matter of time is often the same thing as economy in the matter of money. Here is an illustration:

A man once advertised for an office-boy, with the intention of advancing him in the business as he showed himself capable. From the large number that answered, he selected the two most likely-looking lads. He called one into his private office, and, pointing to a bundle, asked him to open it. The boy found the string tied in knots. He worked and manipulated a pin until the string was untied. Then he wound it into a little ball and handed it proudly to the man, who ushered him out and called in the other boy.

The boy was shown a similar bundle, and asked to open it. He whipped out his knife, cut the string and threw it in the wastebasket. He got the job, "for," said the man, "string is cheap and time is money." This story is not related with the intention of teaching wastefulness. Far from it. The saving of string usually means the saving of money. But sometimes the most important thing to save is time.

How He Got the V. C.

We do not know his name, but we do know his story, the story of the man who went out to find a lost pair of glasses and won the V. C. The hero is a young lieutenant who took out to the front a pair of binocular glasses in which his gay young heart delighted, for they were of fine quality. He was always talking about his glasses and boring his comrades with stories of their excellence. He had them with him one day, when a surprise attack by Germans caused him and his comrades to leave the advance trench, in which they were fighting.

When he reached the support trench to which they retired for safety the Lieutenant felt for his glasses. "Good Heaven!" he exclaimed, and in an instant he rushed back to the trench he had left which was now in possession of the enemy. A stolid sergeant followed him and came back shortly after to the commanding officer.

"He has captured the trench sir!" he announced briefly. Later in the day the officer sent for the victorious lieutenant, and said to him: "You will probably get the V. C. for that, but it was a foolish thing to do—to try and recapture a trench singlehanded."

A look of pain crept into the lieutenant's face. "But I went back for my binoculars, sir," he said. The story is perfectly true, and the lieutenant has got his V. C. It makes us ready to believe that another story is true, the story of a Scotsman who, with only a penny in his pocket was waylaid by a footpad, and nearly beat him to death when the ruffian sought to rob him. "My word," said the man's mother when she heard the story, "if Jamie had had three half-pennies in his pocket instead of a penny he'd have killed the robber."

God's Promises.

On the triple doorway of a great cathedral in Milan, Italy, there are three inscriptions spanning the archway.

Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath are the words: "All that which pleases is but for a moment."

But underneath the great central entrance of the main aisle is the inscription: "That only is important which is eternal."

God's promises are ever on the ascending scale. One leads up to another, fuller and more blessed than itself. In Mesopotamia, God said: "I will show thee the land." At Bethel: "This is the land." In Canaan: "I will give thee all the land, and children innumerable as the grains of sand." It is thus that God allures us to saintliness. Not giving us anything till we have dared to act, that He may test us. Not giving us everything at first—that He may not overwhelm us. And always keeping in hand an infinite reserve of blessing. Oh, the unexplored remainder of God! Who ever saw his last star?—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Japanese Boy Blacksmiths.

In Japan boys work to learn a trade much earlier than boys in the United States. Thousands are put in shops to learn to be blacksmiths when an American boy would still be in school. A Japanese father puts his boys out at some useful trade in order that they may earn money to support the family. The boys often have to work from seven in the morning until six in the evening.

They are faithful workers and have no thought of play during working hours. But when work is over they like to get out and have a little fun. Japanese blacksmith shops open upon the streets so the boy at his anvil sits within a few feet of the sidewalk. The shops are closed at night by putting boards in the front. There are no doors with hinges; what doors there are in Japan are made to slide back and forth.

There are many more blacksmith shops in Japan than in America; there is one every few doors, and in walking along the street you may hear the clang-clang of hammers. The boy wears a black apron with pockets; this he takes off when ready to start home in the evening. He wears wooden shoes—flat boards with straps over them to keep the shoes from falling off. His stockings come only to his ankles. And there is always a separate place for the big toe. An American boy would have a hard time keeping a pair of Japanese shoes on, yet a Japanese boy can run well with nothing to hold his wooden shoes on except his big toe.—Ex.

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Cottonseed flour is made from the kernel of the seed after the oil has been pressed from it. It is a highly concentrated food, and is in no

way intended to replace wheat flour or other cereals. It could not safely be used as such, because an excess of protein is probably as damaging to the human system as the lack of it. It should be mixed with three or four parts of wheat flour in making into a dough.

The studious Chinese.

When school is out at 4 o'clock in New York city, Tom, Dick and Mary go off to play; but the Chinese boys who have sat beside them go home for their other books and start right off for school again. This time it is a Chinese school and they are kept busy until 8 o'clock, learning to read and write their father's native language and reciting the principles of the great Confucius. Each Chinese lad brings to his second school copy books, ink pads and broad ink brushes a foot long. Until 5:30 they copy the difficult Chinese characters and signs. Then they have an hour's recess for supper, after which they return to school and read to the teacher what they have written. To write Chinese a boy must memorize 2,000 signs. He must recognize at least 4,000 in order to read books understandingly. To acquire a good working knowledge of language from five to ten years of study are required.

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REV. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister. WINTER, 1916.
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Waterbury—St. John's Church, Parish House, third Sundays of the month, at 7 P. M.
New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays of the month, at 11 A. M.
Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 8 P. M.
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